G'Odd
UNRELIABLE
NARRATOR

UNRELIABLE NARRATOR

NEVER ALONE

CURSE IN THE VERSE

LOWS AND HIGHS

LONG TERM EFFECT

ART OF WAR

LIFE OF A HUNTER

G'Odd
"Unreliable Narrator"

1. UNRELIABLE NARRATOR
2. NEVER ALONE
3. CURSE IN THE VERSE
4. LOWS AND HIGHS
5. LONG TERM EFFECT
6. ART OF WAR (ft Boxhead Walker)
7. LIFE OF A HUNTER

Written, performed, recorded, mixed
and mastered by G'Odd/ELECTROSHOCKANDAWE
Except 6 - co-written by and featuring Boxhead Walker

At:
The Odd Lodge
and other realms via
MECCA MOBILE STUDIO
and
Primary vocal sessions at Open Signal
Portland, OR

Available at:
https://mecca-faces-me.bandcamp.com/album/unreliable-narrator

UNRELIABLE NARRATOR

Unmateable
Highly debatable
Oddly relatable
Riot starter
In the tent city beg and barter
Come at me I'm try-able
Check is your guy able
My narrative unreliable
No sell out un-buyable

ex- sex worker
A romantic berserker
Amtrak bathroom twerker
Left my girl in San Antonio
Not trying to shirk her

Cold in these streets burr
Flow gotten polished and shined like purr
Wait a minute where we were?
Decked out in pleather and faux fur

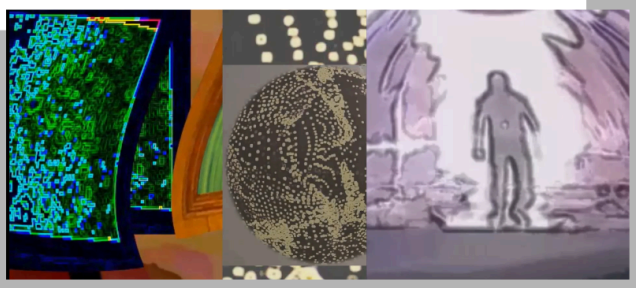
Keep your wig up, not your cake
I'll skip the bake just take the wake
How much money your tour make?
Where's your merch table?
Titan up and Titan out like mike Vrabel
1 bag, train pass, nicotine and caffeine run out of gas
Got me digging in first class
Trash
Slept through the Portland Halloween bash
Call up mute ant ask for cash
Don't see no pan, I can't flash
More helicopter blades churn in my mind than mash

It's an apocalypse, when? I mean now
Name is G'Odd ask me how
Yo, G'Odd, how?
And why I laid my philosophy out for you on the last album
And you still yet to try?
Better check your alibi
Don't mean to pry
Know my path how I got to here
I'm an open book nice and clear
The name again is G'Odd my time, my place is here
The unreliable narrator is here
The you can't buy at all barrator is here
Can't keep up take dictation
It's unreliable this narration
G'Odd, unreliable narrator my time is here

Rules of engagement

Now boarding always writing always recording
Stomp on the fx pedal, now I'm distorting
Lyrically contorting
now and then try n sing maybe not my thing
But I drop a little thing hear my paypal ching
Purchase a single chicken wing ,
mold the bone into an engagement ring
Defy rules of engagement
I'm talking crazy where your rage went?
Can't go 'gainst me the rise of my machine
How them lyrics come out clean
Had to get my mouth washed out with soap
Came out with bubbles and a little more dope
Any tendency for redundancy, I'm answering nope
Can't be confined no allowing my en-cage-ment

On display in the intergalactic zoo
An example of a rare species guess who?
Odd G on the free, just outside of Mercury
Rounding the corner coming up on Venus
A lesser man may be tempted to rhyme that with



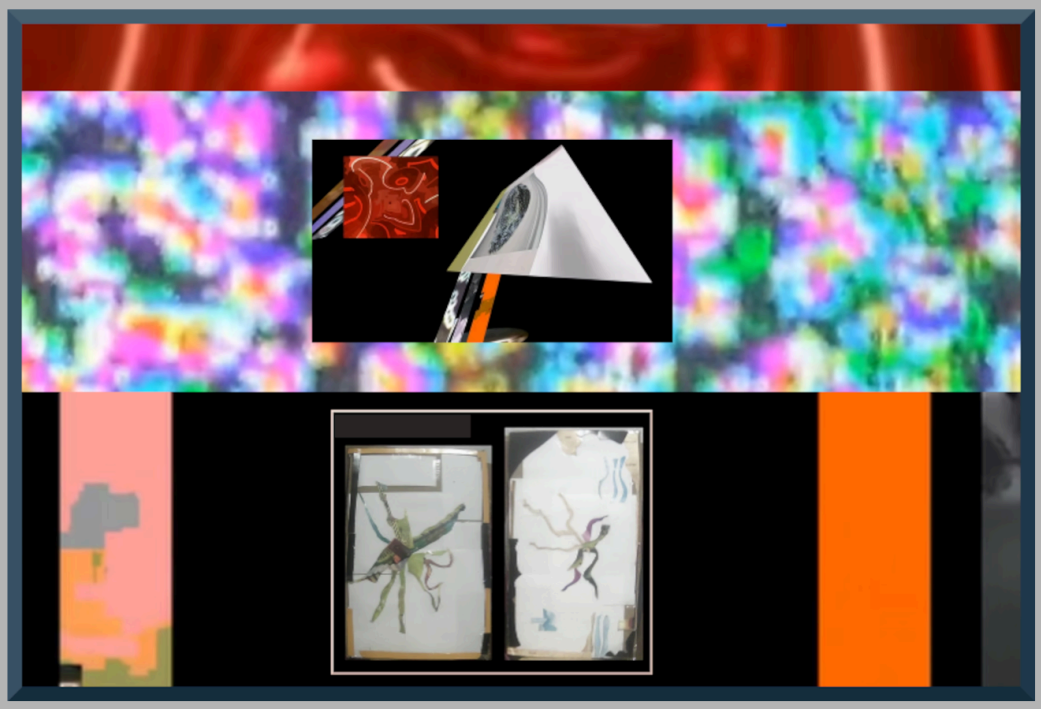
A word that you've already heard, I've broken apart from the herd
And split from the pack, left behind all perceived whack
And stopped shooting up coke and smoking that crack
A one man opioid epidemic at the epicenter of a pandemic
It's pancreatic attack on the white and the black
Sparing Latinos and Asians so as to celebrate their holidays on special occasions
And to have back up support in case of hostile alien invasions
You need reared cause you never had raisin'
Your game all wrinkly like a California raisin
Nothing bout your lyrics or beats that deserves praising
About as exciting as watching cattle grazin

Don't like my comments now go and tattle
Or disable your comments sections
get your tail in the saddle
Then we ride out together
Best way to stick cuz the storm is coming, we gotta weather
One big team, not so crazy like it seem
put away your pseudo ego
Show capability for true self esteem
proclivity to deem Important some aspects of life
not reduce them to some childish meme
All of sudden G'Odd not so crazy like he seem?

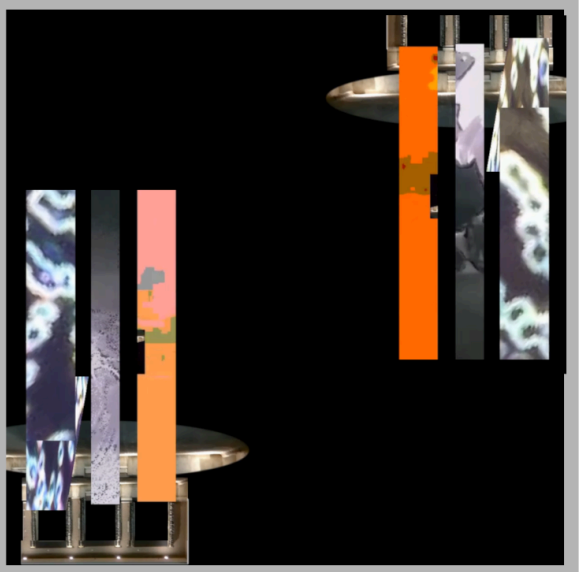
Not clearing that room when the beat go boom
And closet conservative, you'll get what you deserve
Beat your head with a ping pong paddle, like my serve?
Head on a golf tee, or pull it out of the clouds and join me
New style of look, of mental imagery and sound
Come with G'Odd the Universe is our playground

The new way, a new sound
To know your place in the universe
Make it your playground

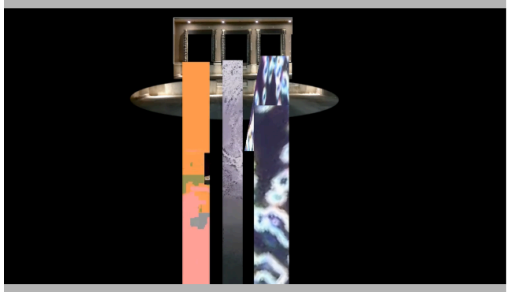
It's already yours so crack open a Mickeys or even a Coors
The universe is already yours, and dark matter is nothing but dance floors



NEVER ALONE



Say I lack emotion and that's the reason why
But you'll never see the rivers of these tears that I cry
pain of the world pushing down on me
intangible form so that only few see
Stop sayin that you call me cuz I do not have a phone
You got nothing that you want so you can't toss me a bone
Can't you fucking get it, I just want to be alone
Sometimes the finest company is simply your own
Don't need a winning ticket or a predatory loan
only thing I wanna own is this microphone
Nothing that you're selling that I'll ever wanna buy
Don't bother kissing up don't call me your guy
I'm never gonna need it cuz I'm too fucking fly
Where I draw the line is messing up my high



Now you getting in my face say you don't like my tone
Well, you wouldn't have to hear it if you'd leave me alone
Getting possessed on the mic got me coughing up foam
Followed by my demons anywhere that I roam
More damage than a bullet when (I'm) messing up your dome
Split your fucking wig until you can't use a comb
Blowing up the underground til I'm watchin the throne
Too bad for the people that I'm criminally unknown
Look into my eyes and you'll see no one's home
never considered that I like it alone
Say it's lonely at the top cuz you sit there alone
That's just how you play It when you're never alone
On everybody's watch list yeah I'm criminally known
got 7 personalities we can't be alone
no escape from all these voices battling inside my head and won't get a moments peace until the day I am dead

Tried to go man to man dose to dose cutting it close

missed out on life when it matters the most

Took a vow of silence on the east and west coast
stint in solitaire of which I can boast
Going 'gainst the mainstream is what I dig the most
If you're saying god is dead then I'm raising a toast

You can't even see me so you cannot be shown
when you meet the hangman tell him leave you alone

make the kinda beats that'll make your house quake and you'll never write like me because you're too fucking fake
not surprising that you cannot conceive of this art
cuz you showed right up front that you're not very smart

Now you getting in my face say you don't like my tone
Well, you wouldn't have to hear it if you'd leave me alone
Getting possessed on the mic got me coughing up foam
Followed by my demons anywhere that I roam
More damage than a bullet when messing up your dome
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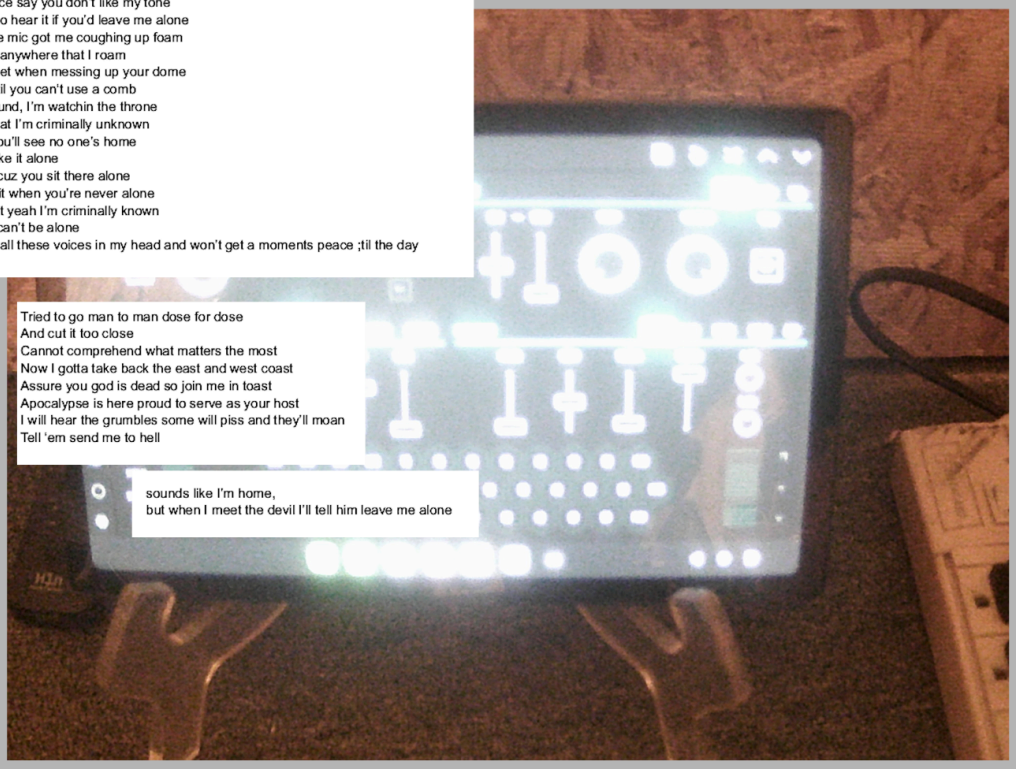
There is no escape from all these voices in my head and won't get a moments peace ;til the day
I am dead



Tried to go man to man dose for dose
And cut it too close
Cannot comprehend what matters the most
Now I gotta take back the east and west coast
Assure you god is dead so join me in toast
Apocalypse is here proud to serve as your host
I will hear the grumbles some will piss and they'll moan
Tell 'em send me to hell

sounds like I'm home,
but when I meet the devil I'll tell him leave me alone

CURSE IN THE VERSE

A curse in the verse?

Believe in the verse not in the curse

There's no Curse in the verse

All sounds familiar I've seen this before
Is it a legend some mythos or lore?
Surely this sadness comes not from my pen
How then this madness keeps passing again?

By some curse in my verse
Believe in the verse but not in the curse
There's no curse in the verse

Life follows art or is it the reverse?
There's no curse in the verse

Like a bad ending but so much worse
Could it be result of some curse in my verse?
A curse in the verse?

It's an old wise tale spun by the mad
No matter of power that I've ever had
Spoken by vagabonds crazed look in their eyes
Corner street mystics most learned and wise
Searching me out, they'll look far and wise
I'll know when they're coming, I needn't not hide
Another body just bound for the hearse
for many others awaits something worse
It all then unfolds like a curse from my verse

Is it the future carved out in cement
Some innocent mind been led to dement
Foretold by stroke from high up on the hill
Can it give life, can it then kill?
Were it so simple to keep my quill still
To stop these prophecies, muster the will
Beginning to ending but plays out in reverse
Warning: take heed of the curse in my verse

There's no curse in the verse

Just words of wisdom in which to immerse

there's no curse in this verse

Never any hint of curse in my verse

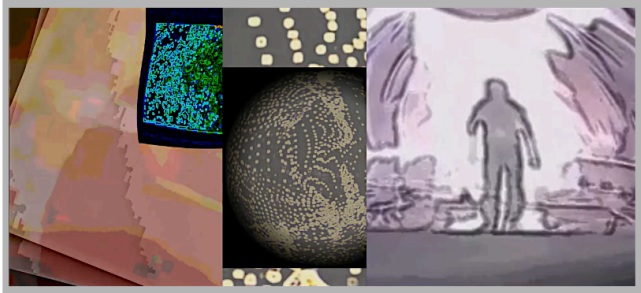
Just an invitation to know the universe,

But no curse in my verse

Actual truth not exactly mundane
The type of perception contained in my brain
If it's familiar I've seen it before
No kind of prophecy it's this nothing more
I will deny it down to my last day
Refusing to listen block out what you say
Long is the distance which I must transverse
Forever escaping the cure in my verse

A dirty needle on vinyl
I'm skipping through time
Wherever I've seen it, finds it's way into rhyme
But you probably wonder how our paths intertwine
Take pain at your pain as if it were mine
Imagine the shock felt when I do find
That I'm awake, it's not a dream
All of it real, and just what it seem
Inescapable fate as the heavens do deem
With heed to this warning il fates do disperse

Don't want to find your name in my lines
Referenced in metaphors, foreshadowing signs
Characters encounter challenging paths
Forces of evil suffering wraths
Consuming unnatural or dubious drugs
Clawing their skin while covered in bugs
No clairvoyance is here by intent
Only an outlet through which I can vent
Not a curse in the verse

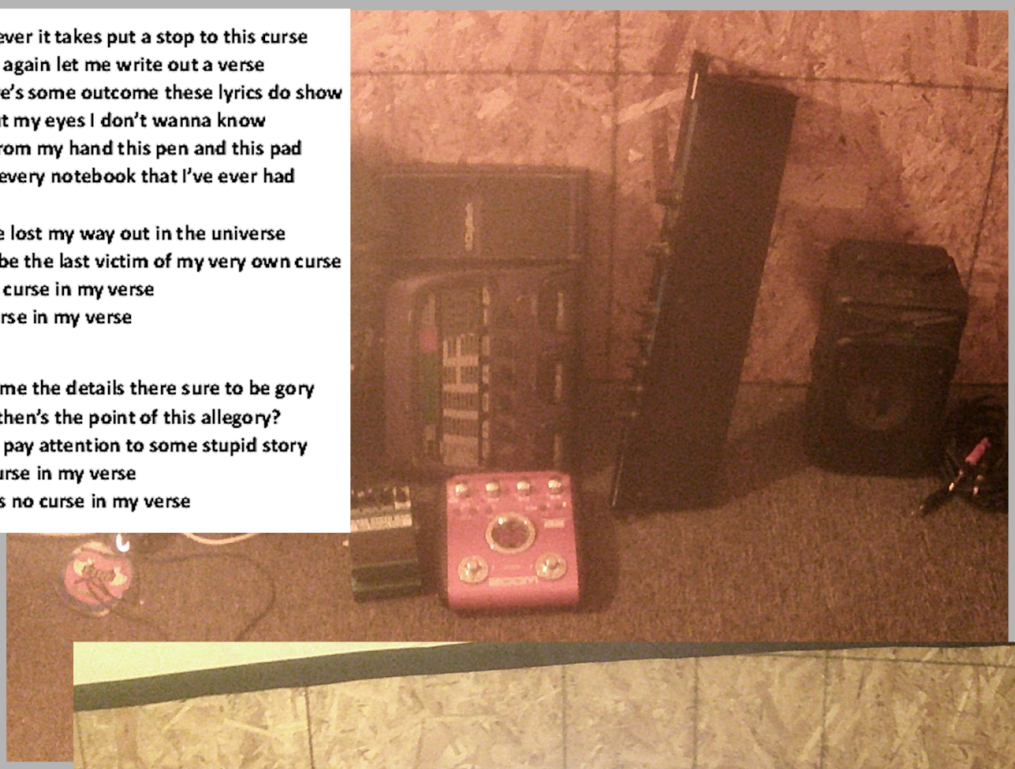


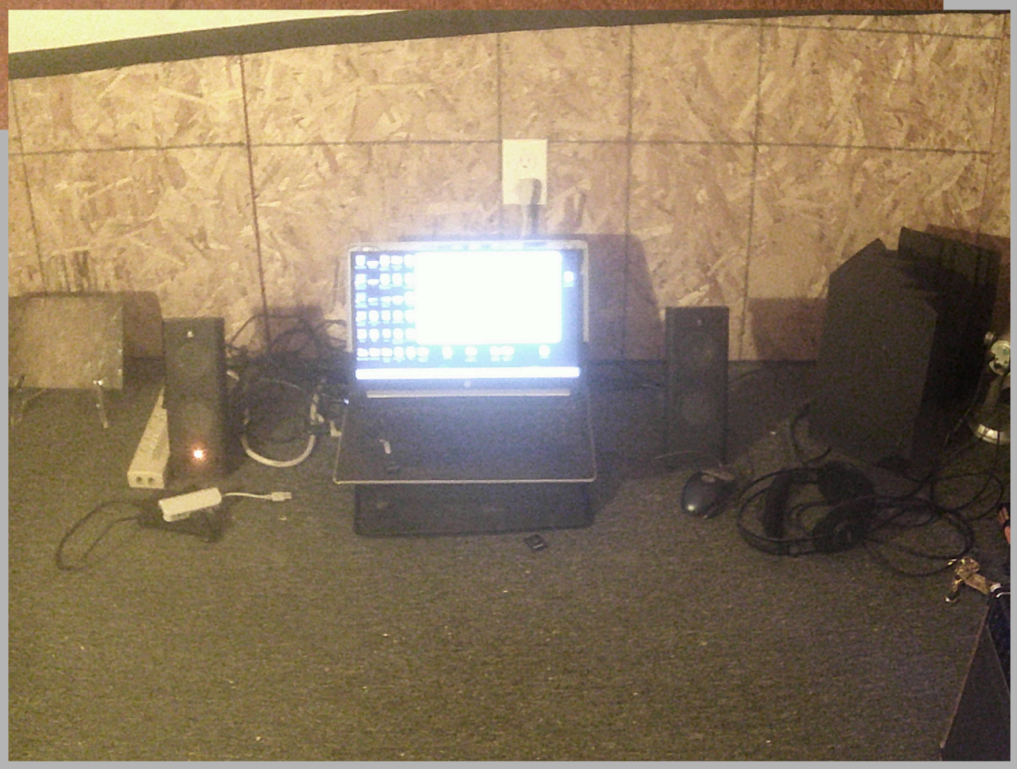
Burn down the school
Burn down the church
And napalm the alley where I rehearse

Whatever it takes put a stop to this curse
Never again let me write out a verse
If there's some outcome these lyrics do show
cut out my eyes I don't wanna know
take from my hand this pen and this pad
torch every notebook that I've ever had

maybe lost my way out in the universe
so I'll be the last victim of my very own curse
of the curse in my verse
the curse in my verse

spare me the details there sure to be gory
what then's the point of this allegory?
don't pay attention to some stupid story
of a curse in my verse
there's no curse in my verse





LOWS AND HIGHS

Interaction with those clearly traumatized
slippery slope resist
urge to dramatize
the significance,
Not to trivialize
You can see it in the face
Radiates out from the eyes
There's someone whose got it worse and another one who dies
(speaking from experience n sayin')

Lows are getting lower and getting high's the high (x4)

Invisible scars and the wound that shows
the source a well spring where all pain flows
unmistakable sensation that no one ever knows
The way that they recoil at the slightest touch
already took it before they knew it was too much
Wits are like a possession always loosing it
Made to feel blame when you're getting' hit
Sometimes self defense when they spin a web of lies
Searching for bugs cuz there might be spies
Think of safety and of peace like some unreachable prize
Sometime madness break like a fever and they spit out something wise
Create the situation where you know..

Lows are getting lower and getting high's the high

A simple possession and intent with which they clutch'
Despite being so much that is gone and lost
Even if not stolen it's it still ends up tossed

Like a wood peck from a black and decker
Haven't seen the nurse yet, yo someone check her

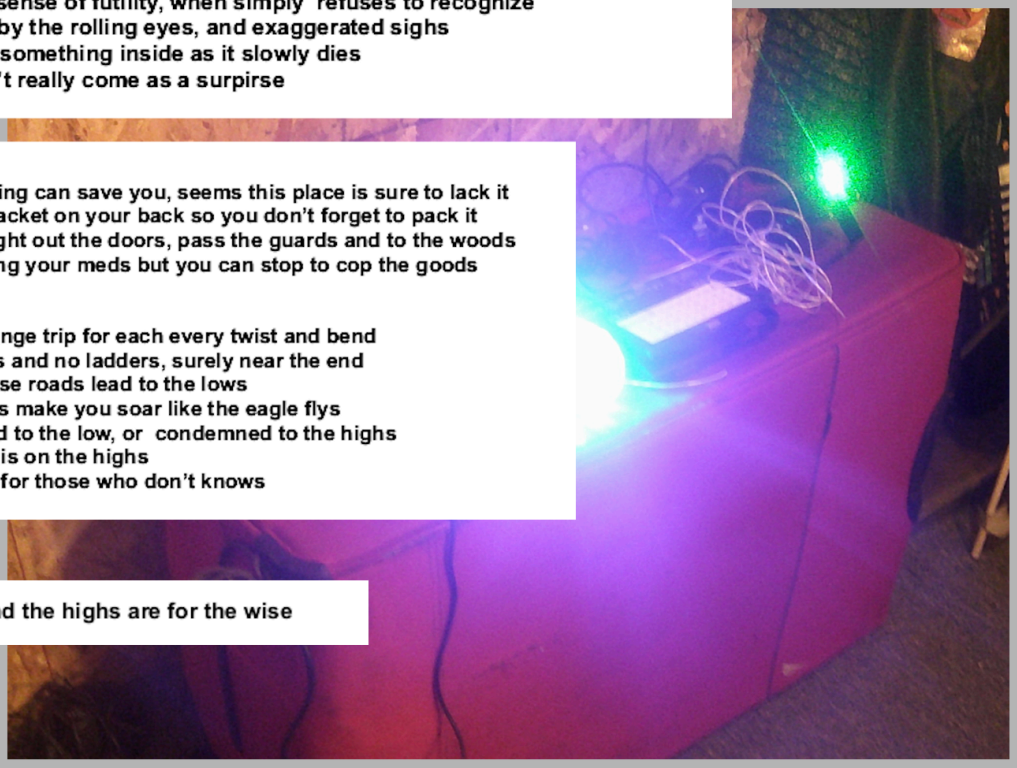
Seen some people slippin' after so many tries
The distinct sound when someone muffles their cries
Don't claim to know your path and I can't see where you've been
But it's my humble opinion you should go for it again
One more try give it a shot cuz the alternative is another shot

Unwise to listen when it's I who advise
But I've experienced some lows and I knows about those highs
Life's a cruel joke that the world is playin'
(under their breathe I hear them prayin')

Lows are getting lower and getting high's the high

understand inability, crawl out the out the hole
reaffirm faith in humanity, existence of the soul
talking bout yours just as much a theirs
Pain is no monopoly bull run on shares
Buy when your low, when the sales all die
fluttering papers fall to floor and lie
Lose humanity even faster than your cash
Til you're on the window ledge like market crash
black Monday (on) every day of the weak
And when nobody listens waste of time to speak
Til you can't remember last time you tried
Abandoned at the alter when compassion was your bride
Truth is what it is and when it hurts and hurts
Think of dark places where your sanity flirts
Comforted by hearing you no more crazy than the next guy or all the rest
Til you're on a flight not slowing and already gone past the cuckoo's nest
Nurse is on duty insisting that you takin bucket full of pills
Knowing that the treatment thing that really kills
Fiddling your thumbs, staring at the clock
pleasant change of pace getting your turn for electro shock

no way to document all the attempts and failed tries
sinking sense of futility, when simply refuses to recognize
greeted by the rolling eyes, and exaggerated sighs
watchin something inside as it slowly dies
shoulbn't really come as a surpirse



If something can save you, seems this place is sure to lack it
Straight jacket on your back so you don't forget to pack it
Ran straight out the doors, pass the guards and to the woods
didn't bring your meds but you can stop to cop the goods

Long strange trip for each every twist and bend
All shoots and no ladders, surely near the end
Know these roads lead to the lows
only highs make you soar like the eagle flys
sentenced to the low, or condemned to the highs
Only ride is on the highs
Lows are for those who don't knows

And the highs are for the wise

LONG TERM EFFECT

From the depths to the shallow
F0llow me to the gallows
A conspiracy of mess in a pool of cess
Never expected any more or less
Not in denial not trying to deflect
In matters of madness you must respect
The method of coping that you select
Their visit was known to be
arrival preshown to me
I welcome your coming
No need for the dumbing
Down
know when and why you're around
Theories abound
Doubt this mind is sound
In a conclusion impossible to reject
It's a long term effect

Can't trust the mind and the logic it connects
Called into questions from long term effects
Long term effect
Basis for action situation it dissects
Lingering doubt due to long term effects
Long term effect
How this path is forged from one world to the next'
Clarified and distorted by the effects
Long term effect

To see what I see to know what I know
Had to let loose full force and go
Kept that pace and the motor didn't blow
But there's gonna be some wear and tear that show
Nothing bout my actions that I wish to defend
They'll ship me off wherever they decide they want to send
Not denying all the symptoms as they grow
And Gotta little trouble keep my ducks all n a row'
But time too precious for your histrionics
Top shelf gin don't mix with all the tonics
When I finally blow be a sonic boom
Instead of advice just gimme some room'

In my order in my sect we
Bow to the visions from the long term effect
You really ask why? Look me in my 3rd eye
And wait for the sensation that you're floating in the sky
Maybe it's as simple as a wave of the hand to make you understand
Why I claim no people I claim no land
And on set matters never do I bend
And I gave away more money than you'll ever get to spend
To see what I see to know what I know
Had to let loose full force and go
When I finally blow be a sonic boom
Instead of advice just gimme some room

Long term effect
That malfunction everyone can detect
Long term effect
Idiosyncrasy coming from within me
Long term effect
Put the thing on the table so that we can dissect
unlike they expect no desire redirect or
deflect but I'm simply not the wreck like the rep
they wanna connect
but even now I can detect
the undeniable the long term effect
long term effect

From the murk and the grime with the passing of time
Came to this conclusion without reason nor rhyme
Senses succumb gave way to this creation
For long not certain it was hallucination
No matter how approached by each conceivable view
Insisted it was real but I already knew
It's a long term effect

If you're shouting at me saying that the blame is all mine
Then it's going to be a minute you can get in line
Beat the horse to death and nag me to the tomb
Til you gasp for breath proclaiming my doom
When I finally go it'll be a sonic boom
Instead of advice just gimme some room

If you know what's good for you

ART OF WAR

Don't bother asking when we gonna stop
because we never stopping til we're dead

Why you treating this like it's a war?
What you gotta bring that art into it for?
Why you gotta make those beats so bad?
They nothing like the beats we ever had
Why you treating this like it's a war?
What you gotta bring that art into it for?

Why you gotta ask?
Take mainstream to task
Give light in which to bask
Who still bother ask?

BOXHEAD WALKER VERSE

What we fighting for?
Art but so much more
Purist to the core
This is art of war

Why you treating this like it's a war?
What you gotta bring that art into it for?
Why you treating this like it's a war?
Why you gotta make those beats so bad
They nothing like the beats we ever had
Why you gotta make those words so hard
Too hard for rapping in the yard
How you make that lyric master class?
too hard for any college kid to pass

You beg to be adored
Perform and I get bored
Rap deserves much more
This is art of war

Do you pack the meddle serve in my beloved core
Or innovation and collaboration concepts you deplore?
Fly a flag at half-mast stand with every freak and outcast
Dedication never questioned why you gotta ask?
Worshipping a false idol

Devil's hands becoming idle
Rising tide'll lift all
Here to answer the call
Takes every style and flavor
Fake ass Christian love your neighbor
Unprepared for what is in store
You let your heart become a prisoner of war

Don't bother asking when we gonna stop because we never stop until we're dead
Why you treating this like it's a war
What you gotta bring that art into it for
Doing something no one ever done before
Why you treatin this like it's a war

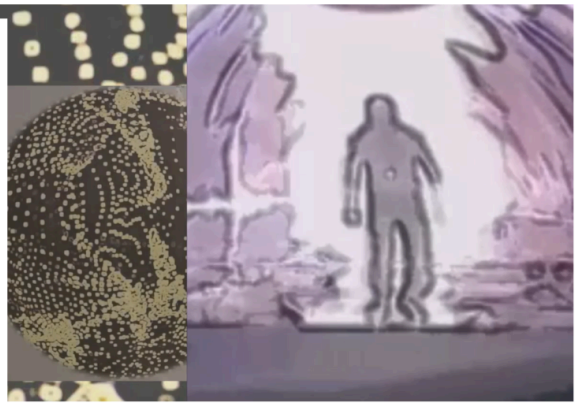
Art but so much more
Spread the word by tour
Rapper say he battle
But have you been to war?

Boxhead Walker verse

Why you treating this like it's a war?
What you gotta bring that art into it for?
Why you gotta make those beats so bad
They nothing like the beats we ever had
Why you gotta make those words so hard
Too hard for rapping in the yard
How you make that lyric master class?
too hard for any college kid to pass
Why do girlies like it when you dressing like a freak
It makes the rest of us look mild and weak

Wonder why I'm treating this like it's a war
You fighting every day against the weak and poor
turn the other cheek you seek to ignore
no choice but to declare war
Thinking revolution just another word
Long past time you finally heard
Revolution starts in the mind
Time has come for my kind
We move forward you rewind
Last chance don't get left behind
Be an artist not a bore
Cuz I declare war

LIFE OF A HUNTER



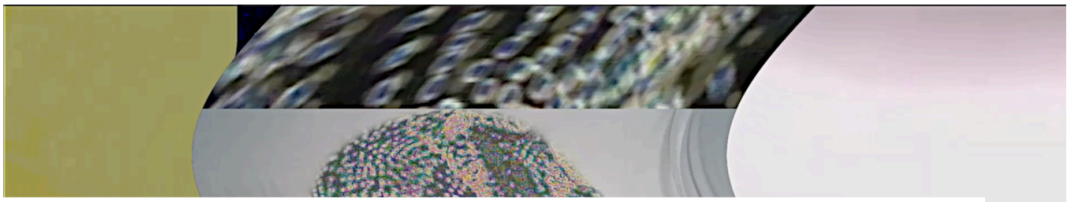
Never do things right
You'll stay out all night
You won't get them off
If you can rip them off
You don't keep your word
Soon they all have heard
Talk bout how you paid
Til you meet one can't be played

Poppin off that lip
think you'll never slip
Still you do your dirt
Thinkin you can't get hurt
You gonna end up on a shirt
Run your mouth and talk talk
Gonna end up inside the chalk
Think it is hustle when you scheme and lie
Consider your preference: live or die

You weren't meant to live the life of a hunter
Not a stunter, not a roll the blunter
It is not hustling when you just scheming'
And if you call that game you dreaming
Gonna find out there's no place to hide
No matter how deep you dig that pit inside
No amount of money ever pay that cost
And the longer you wander more that you'll be lost

Before too long someone gonna put the word out on you
And when that happen you're through
Nobody left that you can run to
Now you coming to me like you musta thought it was white boy day
Hate to be the one to break it to ya, no it aint'
No beginner as a sinner bout the opposite of saint

Noth thinking bout the day that you get caught, baby boy you ought
Little sister get with it
Can't talk your way outta shit, when big talk is all that you got.
Not talking smooth enough keep you from getting shot
Wont save you thinking you're hot
Go on and you blab and blabber blab'



Reason in itself for someone to stab
You'll be the first one suspected if you try n go snitch
And you cant even pay to get your way with some low bottom witch
Nobody wanna buy nothing you serve, and can' t make friends with a round of steel reserve
You are just a pain with no hurricane and no cocaine, put it simple and plain. You're not a neighbor just a sidewalk stain

You weren't meant to live the life of a hunter
Not a stunter, not a roll the blunter
It is not hustling when you just scheming'
And if you call that game you dreaming
Gonna find out there's no place to hide
No matter how deep you dig that pit inside
No amount of money ever pay that cost
And the longer you wander more that you'll be lost

Go on now shoo
And all them others like you
This is for the schemer, double teamer
Cravin beamers
This is for the liar
Butt in prier
Blowing hot air like a drier
Met ms. wrong and had to try her
To the jackers
Smokin smackers always whackers
To the cheaters boner beaters
Limp ass peters all you never meet hers
To the junkies brass monkeys
Sleeping the shelled out clunkies
To the gambler to the tweaked out rambler
To big talkers, to old ass dealers pushin walkers
To the mark ass suckers, to all the motherfuckers